THE LADY'S MONITOR.

BE THOU THE FIRST OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND;
HIS PRAISE IS LOST WHO STAYS TILL ALL COMMEND.
POPE.

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DESCRIPTION OF MAY.

Now that the gentle spring has at length visited the earth an Italian shepherd or German swain would welcome its approach with all the flowery language of pastoral and prose, give to the trees their bloom, to the gardens their fruit, and cover the whole earth with her own green mantle. In imitation of these rural minstrels let *me* celebrate the arrival of MAY.

Arrayed in thy green robe and flowery mantle, thy loose tresses waving in the breeze, and thy beamy brow crowned with etherial garlands, descend, O *May*, and bless our plains! sweet mother of the rose, descend!

I see thee approach in all thy charms, and love and beauty sport in thy train.

The graces, too, are there. What fairy prospects rise around!

Aurora, half concealed in a purple cloud, comes blushing from the east to welcome thee.

The birds spread their little bosoms to the sun, and sing in thy season: the lark salutes thee from her airy cloud; and, anon, the mournful nightingale from her evening poplar.

The flowers open their dewy bosoms to offer thee incense.

The wanton zephyrs tell thy gay approach; while, over hills and dales, through woods and groves, they sport, delighting to fan the lovers under the shade of the myrtle, while they sit to tell their mutual tale.

The Faun starts from his grot at thy approach, the wood nymph rises from her bed of roses, and forgets her dreams.

The Satyrs shake their shaggy sides, skipping from bank to bank, and tune their shrill pipes to the song.

The Naiads, long pent up by the rude hand of winter, unlock their crystal rills, and weep once more in their streams.

Again the fountains gurgle from their secret caves: sometimes delighting to murmur in rude desart courses, they unite above the lofty rock, and form the loud cascade; sometimes meandering from glade to glade, from thicket to thicket, they steel into the centre of a secret green, and form the peaceful lake—where the young maidens, rushing from the shade, delight to bathe, and cool their beautious limbs.

Come, gentle *May*, and with thy buxom train trip it nimbly o'er our plains.

Already the shepherd joins his seven reeds, and the sturdy swain weaves a chaplet for his nut brown Nysa.

The bullock loiters near the sides of the fountain: the lamb frisks nimbly o'er the nodding field-flower: and the goat, waving his shaggy beard, mounts on the aged elm tree, or climbs the shelving rock.

Welcome, sweet *May!* to our plains. Welcome to my humble cot and my arched bower. This spot shall be sacred to thee.

The rose tree shall rise around my elm! and the scammony shall creep close to its stem.

The piony and lilly shall unite their sweets; and the pink shall leave its verdant bed, and throw its perfumes on thy altar.

Thou too, O sweet violet, emblem of wisdom; who, blushing, humbly holdest down thy head, breathing perfumes among common plants, while flowers less sweet erect their haughty heads on high; thou, too, shall leave thy native bed, and lavish thy sweet breath on the shrine!

MUSIDORE.

Biography.

MEMOIRS OF COL. DAVID HUMPHREYS.

WHOEVER is much conversant with the History of Literature cannot fail to have observed an uniform tendency in men of genius to associate and link themselves together in some strong community of study and of life. Point out to me a man distinguished in any of the walks of science, and I habitually inquire who are his companions. Authors will have persons of some congeniality of character or views, with whom to consult; and generally they will seek at least one or two on whose judgment they dare rely, even if they envy his or their genius.

The peculiar talents of Mr. Trumbull and Mr. Dwight, and the enthusiasm with which they cultivated the politer studies, attracted many elevated and amiable minds to their society. Among these some were incited to similar pursuits; and among the first was the subject of the present article.

David Humphreys was born at Derby, State of Connecticut, about the year 1752 or 53; was admitted into Yale College in 1767, and graduated in 1771. Of the circumstances of his early education I am ignorant; nor is my information relative to his collegiate life sufficiently minute to render it interesting. That he formed his acquaintance, at this time, with the Muses, and with his friends, Dwight and Trumbull, is certain; for having entered the family of Col. Philips, of Philips's Mannor, State of New-York, on leaving College, he addressed a poetical letter to the former, in which he displays, with great ease of narrative and minuteness of circumstance, his situation, plans, prospects, and wishes. This epistle was never published, and perhaps is not now in existence.—How long Mr. Humphreys continued in this situation, and at what time, and with what rank he entered the American army, my recollection does not now enable me to determine. But as early as 1778 he was Aid-de-camp to General Putnam, with the rank of Major; and in 1780, as he himself informs us, (in his poetical letter of April, 1780) he was promoted to be Aid-de-camp to the Commander in Chief, with the rank of Colonel. In the family of Gen. Washington he continued till the end of the war; and, after the resignation of his commission by the General, accompanied him to Virginia. On the appointment of Mr. Jefferson to succeed Dr. Franklin as Ambassador to France, Colonel Humphreys was nominated as Secretary to the Legation; and he left his native country for the first time, and sailed for Europe, in company with his friend the celebrated and unfortunate Kosciusko, in the summer of 1784. This he pleasingly mentions in his epistle to Dr. Dwight, written on board of the Courier de l'Europe, the ship in which he left America.

"Him first, whom once you knew in war so well,
Our Polish Friend, whose name still sounds so hard,
To make it rhyme would puzzle any bard;
That youth, whom bays and laurels early crown'd,
In virtue, science, arts, and arms renown'd."

Col. Humphreys returned from Europe in 1786, and was almost immediately elected a representative from his native town, to the Connecticut Legislature; a situation to which he was re-elected the following year, and in which he honourably acquitted himself. At this time Congress resolved on the levy of some additional regiments for the western service; and Col. Humphreys was appointed to the command of that which was raised in

New-England. This appointment furniſhed him with employment till ſome time in 1788; when the occaſion for which the levy had been made no longer exiſting, the corps was reduced, and his commiſſion terminated. But during this command, his time was principally ſpent at Hartford, in company with Mr. Trumbull, Barlow, Hopkins, and others of his friends; poetry and politics divided their attention; and the purpoſes of both were united and purſued in the publication of the *Anarchiad*, and the various pieces of wit aad ſatire which diſtinguiſhed that period.

After the reduction of his corps, Col. Humphreys made a viſit to his illuſtrious friend at Mount Vernon. There, honoured with the confidence of its poſſeſſor, he remained till the organization of the new Government, and the election of Mr. Waſhington to the Preſidency. He then accompanied the Preſident to New-York, and was a member of his family till his public appointment to Portugal in 1790. From this period his life is known to every one attentive to American affairs.

As a poet and a man of letters, if eſtimated by that ideal ſtandard of excellence which every critic forms in his own mind, and which is lofty in proportion as his own conceptions are elevated and magnificent, Col. Humphreys will not occupy a ſtation in the foremoſt rank; but, if in judging of his literary character, we compare him with the maſs of his cotemporaries, and conſider the difficulties with which American genius had then, and even ſtill has, to ſtruggle, we ſhall not heſitate to aſſign him a reſpectable place among the poets of the preſent day. His poems, it is true, diſplay none of that originality of thought which at once delights and aſtoniſhes; none of that fiery enthuſiaſm which hurries us beyond the bounds of ſober recollection,

> . . . . . quod pectus inaniter anget,
> Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
> Ut magus:—modo—Thebis, modo ponit
> Athenis—

but they are every where (at leaſt the principal poems) correct and pleaſing; the verſe flows with an eaſy and becoming grace; and the ſentiments, except when the writer aims at a ſublimity to which he has no claims, are adapted to the occaſion, and beſpeak an amiable and manly temper and underſtanding.

What firſt drew the attention of his countrymen towards Col. Humphreys, as a poet, was his "*Addreſs to the Armies*," at a time when, like Camden, "One hand the ſword and one the pen employed." Few publications, whatever may have been their ſubject or their merits, have gained for their author a more ſudden and ſurpriſing reputation; and the popularity with which it was attended in America followed it to Europe. The Marquis de Chaſtellux honoured it by performing the office of its tranſlator into French; and the Engliſh journals boldly challenged the author as a native of Britain. But much of this applauſe muſt be attributed to the circumſtances of time and place; and the reader of the preſent day will find no reaſon for this unuſual ſucceſs of a poem, which, though handſome and ſpirited, has no peculiar claim to the admiration of the critic.

Col. Humphreys's next publication, of any note, was his poem "*On the Happineſs of America.*" The ſucceſs of this publication was moderate but reſpectable. It did not raiſe, but it did not diminiſh the reputation of the author. This was followed by his "*Eſſay on the life of General Putnam*," in 1788, and by his Tragedy, entitled "*The Widow of Malabar*," tranſlated from the French, firſt played in May and publiſhed in Auguſt, 1790. Neither of theſe advanced the literary character of their author. The firſt was thought deficient in that eaſe and grace which biographical narration is ſuppoſed peculiarly to demand; and the ſecond ſhared the fate of many other dramatic efforts of natives of the United States; it was decently received, but ſoon fell into neglect. It muſt be confeſsed, however, that the turgid frigidity of the original was very little improved in the tranſlation; and that the intereſt which tragedy was intended to excite was overwhelmed, in this inſtance, by the diſguſt which ſo horrid a ſpectacle as the devotion of the heroine inſpired. Nor was the diſguſt much alleviated by the "dry rapture" of the cataſtrophe.

The works of Col. Humphreys conſiſt,

1. Of an octavo volume, publiſhed by Hodge, Allen and Campbell, New-York, 1790; compriſing the preceding pieces, and his ſmaller poems, &c.

2. Of a poem, entitled "*Induſtry*," publiſhed by Carey, Philadelphia, 1794. This is the leaſt meritorious performance; but its limited circulation has prevented that effect on his political character which is generally produced by the ſucceſſion of a bad piece, to others of a certain reputation.

Travels.

TRADITIONS OF THE SOUTHERN ABORIGINALS.

[FROM BARTRAM'S TRAVELS.]

The river St. Mary has its ſource from a vaſt lake or marſh, called Ouaquaphenogaw, which lies between Flint and Oakmulge rivers, and occupies a ſpace of near three hundred miles in circuit.—This vaſt accumulation of waters, in the wet ſeaſon, appears as a lake, and contains ſome large iſlands or knolls, of rich, high land; one of which the preſent generation of the Creeks repreſent to be the moſt bliſsful ſpot on the earth; they ſay it is inhabited by a peculiar race of Indians, whoſe women are incomparably beautiful; they alſo tell you that this terreſtial paradiſe has been ſeen by ſome of their enterpriſing hunters, when in purſuit of game, who, being loſt in inextricable ſwamps and bogs, and on the point of periſhing, were unexpectedly relieved by a company of beautiful women, whom they call daughters of the ſun, who kindly gave them ſuch proviſions as they had with them, which were chiefly fruit, oranges, dates, &c, and ſome corn cakes, and then enjoined them to fly for ſafety to their own country; for that their huſbands were fierce men, and cruel to ſtrangers: they further ſay, that theſe hunters had a view of their ſettlements, ſituated on the elevated banks of an iſland, or promontory, in a beautiful lake; but that in their endeavours to approach it, they were involved in perpetual labyrinths, and, like enchanted land, ſtill as they imagined they had juſt gained it, it ſeemed to fly before them, alternately appearing and diſappearing. They reſolved at length to leave the deluſive purſuit, and to return; which, after a number of inexpreſſible difficulties they effected.—When they reported their adventures to their countrymen their young warriors were inflamed with an irreſiſtable deſire to invade and make a conqueſt of ſo charming a country; but all their attempts have hitherto proved abortive, never having again been able to find that enchanting ſpot, nor even any road or pathway to it; yet they ſay that they frequently meet with certain ſigns of its being inhabited, as the building of canoes, footſteps of men, &c. They tell another ſtory concerning the inhabitants of this ſequeſtered country, which ſeems probable enough, which is, that they are the

poſterity of a fugitive remnant of the ancient Yamaſes, who eſcaped maſſacre after a bloody and deciſſive conflict between them and the Creek nation (who, it is certain, conquered, and nearly extirminated that once powerful people) and here found an aſylum, remote and ſecure from the fury of their proud conquerors. It is, however, certain that there is a vaſt lake, or drowned ſwamp, well known, and often viſited both by white and Indian hunters, and on its environs are the moſt valuable hunting grounds in Florida, well worth contending for, by thoſe powers whoſe territories borders upon it. From this great ſource of rivers, St. Mary ariſes, and meanders through a vaſt plain and pine foreſt, near an hundred and fifty miles to the ocean, with which it communicates, between the points of Amelia and Talbert iſlands; the waters flow deep and gently down from its ſource to the ſea.

Geography.

NEW-YORK.

THE colony of New-York was ſett'ed by the Dutch, who named it the New Netherlands. Charles II. reſolved upon its conqueſt in 1664, and in March granted to his brother, the Duke of York, the region extending from the weſtern banks of Connecticut to the eaſtern ſhore of Delaware, together with Long-Iſland, conferring on him the civil and military power, of government. Colonel Nichols was ſent with four frigates and three hundred ſoldiers to effect the buſineſs. The Dutch governor being unable to make reſiſtance, the New Netherlands ſubmitted to the Engliſh crown in September, without any other change than of rulers. Few of the Dutch removed; and Nichols inſtantly entered upon the exerciſe of his power, as deputy governor of the Duke of York the proprietary.

In July, 1673, the Dutch re-poſſeſſed themſelves of the province, by attacking it ſuddenly when in a defenceleſs ſtate.—By the peace, in February following, it was reſtored. The validity of the grant, while the Dutch were in quiet poſſeſſion, having been queſtioned, the Duke of York thought it prudent to obtain a new one the following June; and Edmond Andros having been appointed governor, the Dutch reſigned their authority to him in October. Thus was New-York regained; but the inhabitants were again enſlaved to the will of the conqueror; for being admitted to no ſhare in the legiſlature, they were ſubject to laws to which they had never aſſented.

To be relieved from a ſervitude that had degraded the colony, and now gave general diſſatisfaction to every one, the council, the court of aſſizes, and the corporation of New-York, concurred in ſoliciting the Duke "to permit the people to participate in the legiſlative power." The Duke, though ſtrongly prejudiced againſt democratic aſſemblies, yet, in expectation that the inhabitants would agree to raiſe money to diſcharge the public debts, and to ſettle ſuch a fund for the future as might be ſufficient for the maintenance of the government and garriſon, informed the Lieutenant Governor, in 1682, that "he intended to eſtabliſh the ſame form of government as the other plantations enjoyed, particularly in the chooſing of an aſſembly."

Mr. Dongan was appointed governor in September, and inſtructed to call an aſſembly, to conſiſt of a council of ten, and a houſe of repreſentatives, choſen by the freeholders of the number of eighteen members. The aſſembly was empowered to make laws for the people, agreeable to the general juriſprudence of the ſtate of England, which ſhould be of no force, however, without the ratification of the proprietary. "Thus the inhabitants of New-York, after being ruled almoſt twenty years at the will of the Duke's deputies were firſt admitted to participate in the legiſlative power."

An aſſembly was called on governor Dongan's arrival, which paſſed an act of general naturalization, in order to give equal privileges to the various kinds of people then inhabiting the province; together with an act "declaring the liberties of the people;" as alſo one for defraying the requiſite charges of "government for a limited time." The legiſlature was convened once more in Auguſt, 1684, when it explained the laſt act. Theſe ſeem to have been the only aſſemblies called prior to the revolution.

When the Duke became King of England, he refuſed to confirm that grant of privileges to which as Duke, he had agreed. He eſtabliſhed a real tyranny, and reduced New-York once more to the deplorable condition of a conquered province.

NEW-JERSEY.

NEW-JERSEY, which was alſo taken from the Dutch, (who were conſidered as having no right to any of their ſettlements in theſe parts of America) was included in the grant to the Duke of York. The Duke diſpoſed of it to Lord Berkly and Sir George Carteret, in 1664, who being ſole proprietors, for the better ſettlement of it agreed upon certain conſtitutions of government, ſo well reliſhed, that the eaſtern parts were ſoon conſiderably peopled. One of the ſtipulations was, "no qualified perſon, at any time, ſhall be any ways moleſted, puniſhed, diſquieted, or called into queſtion, for any difference in opinion or practice in matters of religious concernments, who does not actually diſturb the civil peace of the province; but all and every ſuch perſon and perſons may, from time to time, and at all times, freely and fully have and enjoy his and their judgments and conſciences, in matters of religion, they behaving themſelves peaceably and quietly, and not uſing this liberty to licentiouſneſs, nor to the civil injury or outward diſturbance of others; "any law, ſtatute, or clauſe contained, or to be contained, uſage or cuſtom of the realm of England, to the contrary thereof in any wiſe notwithſtanding."

The lords proprietors further agreed, "for the better ſecurity of all the inhabitants in the province—that they are not to impoſe, *nor ſuffer to be impoſed*, any tax, cuſtom, ſubſidy, tallage, aſſeſsment, or any other duty whatſoever, upon any colour or pretence, upon the ſaid province and inhabitants thereof, other than what ſhall be impoſed by the authority and conſent of the General Aſſembly." What can more ſtrongly expreſs the then opinion of Lord Berkly and Sir George Carteret, as to the parliament's having no right to tax the inhabitants of the province, poſſeſſed by them as lord proprietors!

Lord Berkly ſold his moiety of the province to John Fenwick, in truſt for Edward Byllinge and his aſſigns in 1674. After which the proprietors, E. Byllinge, William Penn, Gawen Lawrie, Nicholas Lucas, and Edmond Warner, of the quaker perſuaſion, agreed with Sir George Carteret upon a diviſion, 1676; and that his moiety ſhould be called New Eaſt-Jerſey, and their's New Weſt-Jerſey. The agreement reſpecting the not impoſing or ſuffering to be impoſed any tax, &c. was adopted; the other ſtipulation is worded ſomewhat differently; "no men, nor number of men upon earth, hath power or authority to rule over men's conſciences in religious matters; therefore it is conſented, agreed, and ordained, that no

perſon or perſons whatſoever, within the province, at any time or times hereafter, ſhall be any ways, upon any pretence whatſoever, called in queſtion, or in the leaſt puniſhed or hurt, either in perſon, eſtate, or privilege, for the ſake of his opinion, judgment, faith, or worſhip towards God, in matters of religion; but that all and every ſuch perſon and perſons may, from time to time, and at all times, freely and fully have and enjoy his and their judgments, and the exerciſe of their conſciences, in matters of religious worſhip, throughout all the province." It was alſo agreed, "that all elections be not determined by the common and confuſed way of cries and voices, but by putting balls into ballotting boxes, to be provided for that purpoſe, for the prevention of all partiality, and whereby every man may freely chooſe according to his own judgment and honeſt intention."

Soon, after many Quakers reſorted to Weſt-Jerſey from England and the country filled apace. But the people early experienced the dreadful effects of arbitrary power. Major Andros, the Governor of New-York, impoſed ten per cent. on all goods imported at the Hoar-Kill,* and demanded five per cent. of the ſettlers at arrival or afterward, though neither Weſt-Jerſey nor the Hoar-Kill, was legally under his juriſdiction. They complained of the hardſhips from the firſt but bore it patiently, till about 1680, when application was made to the Duke of York, who referred the matter to the council, where it reſted for a conſiderable time, and then was reported in their favour, and the duty ordered to be diſcontinued. Among the arguments uſed by Meſsrs. William Penn, George Hutchinſon and others, chiefly, if not all Quakers, in the paper preſented to the Duke's commiſſioners, were theſe, "powers of government are expreſsly granted in the conveyance Lord Berkley made us, for that only could have induced us to buy it; and the reaſon is plain, becauſe to all prudent men, the government of any place is more inviting than the ſoil; for what is good land without good laws? the better the worſe. And if we could not aſſure people of an eaſy and free, and ſafe government, both with reſpect to their ſpiritual and worldly property, that is, an uninterrupted liberty of conſcience, and an inviolable poſſeſſion of their civil rights and freedoms, by a juſt and wiſe government, a mere wilderneſs would be no encouragement; for it were a madneſs to leave a free, good, and improved country, to plant in a wilderneſs, and there adventure many thouſands of pounds to give an abſolute title to another perſon to tax us at will and pleaſure. Natural right and human prudence oppoſe ſuch doctrine all the world over, as says, "that people, free by law, and under their prince at home, are at his mercy in the plantations abroad." The King's grant to the Duke of York, is plainly reſtrictive to the laws and government of England. Now, we humbly conceive, it is made a fundamental rule in our conſtitution and government, that the King of England cannot juſtly take his ſubject's goods without their conſent; this needs no more to be proved than a principle, it is *juſt indigene*, an home-born right, declared to be law by divers ſtatues; as in the great charters, ch. 29, and thirty-fourth, Ed. III. ch. 2; again twenty-fifth Ed. ch. 7.* To give up the power of making laws is to change the government, to ſell or rather reſign our ſelves to the will of another, and that for nothing; for we buy nothing of the Duke, if not the right of an undiſturbed colonizing, with no deminution but expectation of ſome increaſe of thoſe freedoms and privileges enjoyed in our own country. We humbly ſay, that we have not loſt any part of our liberty by leaving our country; but we tranſplant to a place, with expreſs limitation to erect no polity contrary to the eſtabliſhed government (of England) but as near as may be to it; and this variation is allowed, but for the ſake of emergencies; and that latitude bounded with theſe words, "for the good of the adventurer and planter." This tax is not to be found in the Duke's conveyance, but is an after buſineſs. Had the planters foreſeen it, they would ſooner have taken up in any other plantation in America, (a plain intimation that no ſuch tax was impoſed in any other American plantation.) Beſide, there is no end of this power; for ſince we are by this precedent aſſeſſed without any law, and thereby excluded our Engliſh right of common aſſent to taxes; what ſecurity have we of any thing we poſſeſs? We can call nothing our own, but are tenants at will, not only for the ſoil, but for all our perſonal eſtates; we endure penury and the ſweat of our brows, to improve them at our own hazard only. This is to tranſplant from good to bad. This ſort of conduct has deſtroyed government, but never raiſed one to any true greatneſs."

The paper preſented to the Duke's commiſſioners evidently proves, that it was the opinion of thoſe gentlemen, who were Quakers, that no tax could be juſtly impoſed upon the inhabitants without their own conſent firſt had, and by the authority of their own General Aſſembly. The report of the council in favor of the aggrieved, and the relief that followed, were virtual conceſſions to the ſame purport. This will not be judged wholly unprecedented by thoſe who are acquainted with what happened relative to the county palatine and city of Cheſter in the thirty-fifth year of the reign of Henry VIII. The inhabitants complained in a petition to the King, "that for want of knights and burgeſſes in the court of parliament they ſuſtained manifold damages, not only in their lands, goods, and bodies, but in the civil and politic government and maintenance of the Commonwealth of their ſaid county: and that while they have been always bound by the acts and ſtatutes of the ſaid court of parliament, the ſame as other counties, cities, and boroughts that had knights and burgeſſes in ſaid court, they had often been touched and grieved with acts and ſtatutes made within the ſaid court, as well derogatory unto the moſt ancient juriſdictions, liberties and privileges, of the ſaid county-palatine, as prejudicial unto the commonwealth, quietnes, and peace, of his majeſty's ſubjects." They propoſed to the king, as a remedy, "that it would please his highneſs, that it be enacted, with the aſſent of the lords ſpiritual and temporal, and by the commons in parliament aſſembled, that from the end of the ſeſſion the county-palatine ſhall have two knights for the ſaid county, and likewiſe two citizens to be burgeſſes for the city of Cheſter." The complaint and remedy were thought to be ſo juſt and reaſonable, that the relief for which they prayed was granted, and they were admitted to ſend repreſentatives to parliament to guard their intereſts and to ſecure their liberties and privileges.

* Corrupted by time into Whore-Kill. The names of many rivers in New-York government particularly, terminate with kill, which means both river and rivulet.

* The manuſcript copy contains a number of authorities from Bracton, Fortesque, the Petition of Right, &c. See Smith, p. 120, the note.

Eſſays.

REMARKS ON

FEMALE POLITICIANS.

As an admirer of the fair ſex, and tremblingly alive to every thing that affects their character, I have preſumed, of late, to cenſure ſeveral females of my acquaintance, for their love of politics. They liſtened, with admirable attention, to all I thought proper to ſay on the ſubject. A few evenings ſince, I renewed my arguments with two-fold earneſtneſs. When I paſued to ſee if there were any to applaud my opinions, a ſprightly and ſenſible girl, as if reſolving on a piece of revenge, turned towards a female viſitant who had obſerved a profound ſilence the preceding part of the evening, and aſked her, gaily, if women had not an equal right with men to be politicians. I drew near to hear

the dialogue. Timorously blushing, she replied, "no, my dear."

"No! come state your objections. In charity to me do not add strength to the opinions of that gentleman, who you should know, is a censor of the whole republic of females. Whatever they may say or do, he is sure to summon them separately before his inquisitorial tribunal. Not words and actions, only, are dissected snd analized, but their very manners, voice, and dress, are obliged to pass in review before him. Yet, with all his severity, we esteem him, because he is the firm friend of our sex, and would fain make us better and wiser."

"Cease, thou pratler," said I, "I had rather, at this time, be an auditor to this lady, than a listener to your eulogies on my character. Will Miss M. favour us with her opinions on politics?" She began in the sweetest manner.

"When I see a female deeply interested in politics, I tremble for her tranquillity. As the sensibility of women is livelier, and their enthusiasm more ardent than that of men, they are less qualified to decide on the affairs of government.

"Political discussion agitates their passions, roughens their manners, and discomposes the garb of female modesty, which should be considered the fairest ornament and brightest charm of a woman.

"Men and politics form a very easy and natural association; but with women, it is forced and uncomely. A female who assumes the character of a politician, lays aside her feminine attractions. Her soft and musical tones are exchanged for vehement declamation. Her gentle and wining manners for masculine dignity. Her bosom, which was wont to heave with the gentle emotions of benevolence, now swells with the turbulent spirit of party.

"Who is President to-day or to-morrow, whether he be a federalist or a democrat, is of no moment to us, if he be wise and virtuous. What do you or I know of an Adams, a Jefferson or a Pinckney, but through the medium of common fame? We judge of the future by the past; and, whether Adams, Jefferson or Pinckney will govern well or which of them the best, time, the grand arbiter of human actions and events, can only decide. It would be foolish to suffer the chain of our felicities to be agitated by every movement of political affairs, which we are unable to understand or controul."

"Hold, my dear M. let me ask one question. Do you love your country?"

"Yes; I do love my country most fervently."

"Whence then, this apathy? Your patriotism is too lukewarm."

"Patriotism, as I feel it, is a sentiment of benevolence, that is ever active in promoting private good; and, whatever tends to private good, must, in the order of events, give stability to government and new strength to the public welfare. He who perpetually exercises his moral and intellectual powers for the benefit of his fellow-men, in a private station, is the truest friend to his country and to mankind. If I instruct the ignorant, relieve the necessitous, and am just to myself, I conceive I have rendered an important service to my country.

"The apathy you speak of is not felt: but let the political state of our country be ever so distracted, I cannot rush forward to head a party, and move with the multitude. No, I hope never to be a *Cordé*, nor have any other celebrity than that which flows from domestic virtues.

"If a female be united to a man of worth, and eminent in politics, it is her duty to tranquillize his passions, and to turn the impetuous current of his feelings into a more orderly channel. When the harmony of his soul is disturbed by political discord, she should be its regulator, and, by her gentleness, attune it again to love and domestic delight.

"If, on the contrary, she shares in his political feelings, applauds when he praises, and when he blames, condemns; feels all his resentments, glows with all his enthusiasm, she aggravates his vexations, and withholds that solace to which every man flies—domestic repose.

"I have heard, and seen families divided and torn asunder by female interference in politics. Husbands have forsaken their homes; parents and children have clashed, and wounded one another.

"Men, moderate in their politics, no sooner hear a favorite opinion attacked, than their very soul seems to leap into a subject which gives fire to their eyes, glow to their cheeks, animation to their countenance, energy to their actions, and, to their sentiments, violent enthusiasm.

"In men, this is well; but in women, is it not unbecoming?"

"Well, Mary, since you are for excluding females from the political department, pray let us know to what province we poor beings belong, and what must be the nature of our occupations."

"Within the domestic circle, my dear girl, every female should reside. There she may, if she will, find enough to fill the most capacious soul. Domestic duties are numerous and important, and every one is a copious source of delight. Cheap pleasures are her own, and abundant, because she seeks them within herself. Her benevolence finds objects enough to keep it in perpetual action. Here the energies of her mind, and the sensibilities of her heart, are hourly called forth and awakened to new deeds.

"The path of literature is open before her. She can pursue it slowly and thoughtful, or dance sportive through its mazes, stoop and gather flowers as she trips along."

Here she stopped, much to the regret of myself and her friends, who listened with attention and pleasure to her conversation, which met with its due applause. E.

GOSSIPIANA.

NO. IX.

INGENUITY.

A LAME Duck, who is advertised for eloping with the money of his principal, left a couple of laconic notes behind him. To his wife he wrote a very *affecting* epistle.—"My dear wife, I leave you cheerfully to the arms of the man you love." To the gentleman, whose money to the amount of 10,000l. he had carried off, he wrote a billet to this effect—"Dear sir, I have complete proof of your criminal correspondence; in the moral and correcting spirit of the courts, I should certainly get a verdict to the whole amount of the sum in my hands—in kindness therefore to you, I take the money at once, and save you both the *expence* and the *shame* of a law-suit."

COMICAL DOG.

ONE of our dramatic critics observes, that Edwin *was a more comical dog than any now on the stage*. This is an odd phrase; but Plutarch has in a degree justified it: he says, "There was at Rome a dog, belonging to a certain mimic, who at that time had the management of a farce, in the performance of which he undertook to instruct the actors, by teaching them the several imitations proper for representing the passions. Among the rest, there was one who was to drink a sleepy potion, and after he had drank it to fall into a deadly drowsiness, and counterfeit the actions of a dying person. The dog, who had studied several of the other gestures and postures, observing this with greater attention, took a piece of bread that was sopped in the potion, and in a short time after he had ate it, counterfeited a trembling, then a staggering, and afterwards a drowsiness; then stretching himself out, lay as if he was dead, and seemed to offer himself to be dragged out of the place, and carried to burial, as the plot of the play required. But afterwards, entering fully into the spirit of what had been said and acted, he began gently to stir, as if waking out of a profound sleep, and lifting up his head gazed around him, and then, to the amazement of all, rose up and went to his master with all the signs of joy and kindness; so that the spectators, and even Cæsar himself (for old Vespasian was present in Marcellus's Theatre) were highly delighted with the sight."

CARDINAL MAZARINE.

CARDINAL DE RETZ tells us, that in the administration of Mazarine (almost as oppressive and wicked a minister as has ever appeared), a peasant riding upon a lean and half starved mule, at every false step the poor beast made, cursed Cardinal Mazarine: upon which he asked what connection there could possibly be between the stumbling of his mule and the *minister?* "The Cardinal," replied the fellow, "is the sole, the only cause of the jade stumbling; he has taxed barley—barley is my beast's provender: this tax makes me unable to feed it as before;

want of good food makes it weak, and weakness produces stumbling; *twenty thousand curses light on the Cardinal!*"

DUELLING.

A SINGULAR mode of determining a point of honour, was lately hit upon in Georgia; a person, who had been a carpenter having received a challenge from an officer in the army, on account of some imaginary affront, and not attending to it, was waited on by his antagonist, to know his determination; he observed, that being allowed by the laws of chivalry to choose his weapons, he had only waited to avail himself of that privilege: then taking the challenger into an adjoining apartment, where two large *gimblets* lay upon a table, "There, Sir," said he, "those are my weapons;" I don't know what you mean, Sir," said the officer. "I mean, Sir," said he, opening his bosom, "that if you can bore a hole sooner than I can, the matter is settled." It is hardly necessary to say that this proposal was not accepted.

ENGLISH STYLE.

DR. JOHNSON says, that whoever would acquire a pure English style, must give his days and nights to Addison. We do not, however, feel this exclusive preference for Addison's melodious periods: his page is ever elegant, but sometimes it is too diffuse. Hume, Blackstone, and Smith, have a proper degree of strength and energy combined with their elegance. Gibbon says that the perfect composition and well-turned periods of Dr. Robertson, excited his hopes that he might one day become his equal in writing; but "the calm philosophy, the careless inimitable beauties of his friend and rival Hume, often forced me to close the volume with a mixed sensation of delight and despair." From this testimony we may judge, that a *simple style* appears, to the best judges, to be the more difficult to obtain, and more desirable than that highly ornamented diction to which writers of inferior taste aspire. Gibbon tells us with great candour, that his friend Hume advised him to beware of the rhetorical style of French eloquence. Hume, observed, that the English language and English taste do not admit of this profusion of ornament.

MADAM ROLAND,

WHEN she was led to execution, exclaimed, as she passed the statue of liberty! "Oh liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

COMPANY AND BOOKS.

FORMERLY it was wisely said, "Tell me what company a man keeps, and I will tell you what he is;" but since literature has spread a new influence over the world, we must add, "Tell me what company he has kept, and what books he has read, and I will tell you what he is."

CHARLOTTE, DAUGHTER OF COLLEY CIBBER.

CIBBER the elder, had a daughter named Charlotte, who also took to the stage; her subsequent life was one continued series of misfortune, afflictions, and distress, which she sometimes contrived a little to alleviate by the productions of her pen. About the year 1755, she had worked up a novel for the press, which the writer accompanied his friend the bookseller to hear read; she was at this time a widow, having been married to one Clarke, a musician, long since dead. Her habitation was a wretched thatched hovel, situated on the way to Islington, in the purlieus of Clerkenwell bridewell, not very far distant from the New-river Head, where, at that time, it was usual for the scavengers to leave the cleansings of the streets, and the priests of Cloacina to deposit the offerings from the temples of that all-worshipped power. The night preceding a heavy rain had fallen, which rendered this extraordinary seat of the muses almost inaccessible, so that in our approach we got our white stockings enveloped with mud up to the very calves, which furnished an appearance much in the present fashionable style of half boots. We knocked at the door (not attempting to pull the latch-string) which was opened by a tall, meagre, ragged figure, with a blue apron, indicating, what else we might have doubted, the feminine gender. A perfect model for the Copper Captain's tattered landlady; that deplorable exhibition of the fair sex, in the comedy of Rule-a-Wife. She, with a torpid voice and hungry smile, desired us to walk in. The first object that presented itself was a dresser, clean, it must be confessed, and furnished with three or four coarse delf plates, two brown platters, and underneath an earthen pipkin and a black pitcher, with a snip out of it. To the right we perceived, and bowed to the mistress of the mansion, sitting on a maimed chair under the mantle-piece, by a fire, merely sufficient to put us in mind of starving. On one hob sat a monkey, which, by way of welcome, chattered at our going in; on the other a tabby cat, of melancholy aspect; and at our author's feet, on the flounce of her dingy petticoat, reclined a dog, almost a skeleton! he raised his shagged head, and eagerly staring with his bleared eyes, saluted us with a snarl. "Have done, Fidele! these are friends." The tone of her voice was not harsh; it had something in it humbled and disconsolate; a mingled effort of authority and pleasure—poor soul! few were her visitors of that description—no wonder the creature barked!—A magpie perched on the top ring of her chair, not an uncomely ornament! and on her lap was placed a mutilated pair of bellows, the pipe was gone, an advantage in their present office, they served as a succedaneum for a writing-desk, on which lay displayed her hopes and treasure, the manuscript of her novel. Her ink-stand was a broken tea-cup, the pen worn to a stump; she had but one! A rough deal board, with three hobbling supporters, was brought for our convenience, on which, without farther ceremony, we contrived to sit down, and entered upon business—The work was read, remarks made, alterations agreed to, and thirty guineas demanded for the copy. The squalid handmaiden, who had been an attentive listener, stretched forward her tawny length of neck with an eye of anxious expectation! The bookseller offered five!—Our authoress did not appear hurt; disappointments had rendered her mind callous; however some altercation ensued. This was the writer's first initiation into the mysteries of bibliopolism, and the state of authorcraft. He, seeing both sides pertinacious, at length interposed, and, at his instance, the wary haberdasher of literature doubled his first proposal, with this saving proviso, that his friend present would pay a moiety, and run one half the risk; which was agreed to. Thus matters were accommodated, seemingly to the satisfaction of all parties; the lady's original stipulation of fifty copies for herself, being previously acceded to. Such is the story of the once-admired daughter of Colley Cibber, poet laureat and patentee of Drury Lane, who was born in affluence and educated with care and tenderness, her servants in livery, and a splendid equipage at her command, with swarms of time-serving sycophants officiously buzzing in her train: yet unmindful of her advantages, and improvident in her pursuits, she finished the career of her miserable existence on a dunghill.

The account given of this unfortunate woman is literally correct in every particular, of which, except the circumstance of her death, the writer himself was an eye-witness.

MATERNAL AFFECTION.

A SAILOR of Martinique, married a young woman, as virtuous as she was beautiful, and she, having expended all the little money her husband had left her before he embarked, had recourse to a wealthy citizen to whose protection she had been confided. The citizen, inflamed with the charms of the fair borrower, demanded as the price of his services the surrender of her virtue: relying on the hope of her husband's return, and shuddering with indignation at the proposal, the insulted woman refused him without hesitation. The sailor did not arrive; and, in a few days, all the resources of his unhappy wife were exhausted; want, too clearly made her sensible of her situation; she was a mother—and dreading to behold one infant perish at that breast which nourished it, and the other, whose maturer age demanded bread, expire of hunger before her; she sought the tyrant again, in the hope of softening him. But prayers and tears could obtain nothing from the barbarian: she was forced to capitulate; and, vanquished by necessity, she permitted him to come to supper with her. After a meal which was spiritless, the citizen pressed her to fulfil her promise. The poor woman took him to the cradle where her *child* was sleeping; and then pressing it to her bosom, her eyes

full of tears, she said to it—"Drink, my dear babe! drink freely; thou yet receivest the milk of a virtuous woman, whom necessity alone stabs to the heart. To-morrow, for alas! I cannot wean the—to-morrow! thou wilt drink the milk of an unhappy"——her tears finished the sentence. The citizen beheld—and was moved at the sight—Throwing his purse at their feet, he exclaimed—"It is not possible to resist so much virtue!"

New-York,
SATURDAY, MAY, 29, 1802.

BEAUTIES OF THE DRAMA.

CONJUGAL AND MATERNAL AFFECTION.

[From Kotzebue's Pizarro in Peru.]

ALONZO AND CORA, WITH HER CHILD.

Cora. He is the picture of you!
Alon. Of you rather, my love.
Cora. Nay, now Alonzo, indulge me with the pleasure of tracing my dear husband's likeness in his lovely boy!
Alon. But is not his hair the colour of your's?
Cora. Ah! but he has his father's blue eyes—
Alon. The mother's dimples are in his smiles
Cora. (Kissing the child.) Oh! he's like you—like me—the picture of us both!
Alon. The little rogue deprives me of half your embraces—half your kisses too!—
Cora. Do I not kiss the father in the child?—
Alon. I shall be jealous of him.
Cora. Oh! 'tis in him and you Cora exists!—I dreamt the other night that he had cut a tooth—
Alon. That day will be a merry one.
Cora. And so will it when he can run from me to you.
Alon. Aye—and when he can call in lisping accents, father and mother!
Cora. Oh, Alonzo!—the grateful incense we must offer incessantly to the gods—
Alon. The gods and Rolla—
Cora. You are happy, Alonzo, are you not?
Alon. Can my dear Cora ask that question?
Cora. Then why your frequent startings in your sleep—your evident disquietude—your involuntary sighs?—
Alon. Am I not forced to take up arms against my brethren? . . . . . Should the Spaniards be victorious, what will become of us?
Cora. We will fly to the mountains for refuge?
Alon. Fly—with an infant at your breast?
Cora. Why not?—Do you suppose a mother, when she flies from danger, can feel an infant's weight?

LOVE.

[From Count Benyowski.]

BENYOWSKI, GOVERNOR, ATHANASIA.

Atha. Dear father——
Gov. Well, Athanasia?
Atha. Oh!—I have found you at last!
Gov. What does my child want?
Atha. Your consent!—
Gov. Consent! to what?
Atha. To Athanasia's happiness!
Gov. And is not her happiness my only wish!—Speak!
Atha. I am—dear father—in love!
Gov. How?
Beny. (Confused.) I—I—I must take my leave.
Atha. Stay, Benyowski—I do no blush to avow my love—
Gov. Amazement! this is so sudden—

* * * * * *

Atha. (Seizing Benyowski's hand, and turning to her father.)—Dear father—your blessing—
Gov. What, child—is the Count your favourite?
Atha. Whom else could I be partial to?

* * * *

Gov. But have you consider'd—
Atha. Yes, all—I have consider'd his greatness—his goodness—I have consider'd my dear mother's last moments.—Need I repeat her dying words? Here, in this room—on this verry spot—she breathed her last.—At her head you sat—at her feet I kneeled—you wept, and so did I—she, poor departing soul, utter'd a groan—struggling with death, once more she raised herself, and pressing your hand, in faultering accents said—Let Athanasia marry the man she loves! Here stands the man I love—this man, dear father, let me marry!
Gov. Child, you astonish me!
Atha. Here, on this very spot, where my poor mother breathed her last, we implore your blessing!—dear Benyowski, you do not speak!
Beny. What can I say?—I am lost—I am bewildered!—must not your kind father suppose I have secretly advised this rash proceeding?
Atha. No; father, believe me, the Count never encouraged me to ask your consent—never—on the contrary, he has tormented my love-sick heart with cold reason; he has been insensibly prudent, unfeelingly just!——

LONDON FASHIONS
FOR APRIL, 1802.

Promenade Dresses.——*A round dress of thick white muslin. Short silk pelice, trimmed all round with deep black lace. Black velvet bonnet, worn with a deep veil. Bear muff.—Dress of white cambric, made close round the neck with a colar. A spencer of lilac silk, trimmed with fur or lace. Large straw hat, looped up in front with a straw button, and tied under the chin with ribon.—A round dress of sprigged muslin; long cloak of cambric muslin, trimmed all round with muslin or lace; close bonnet, trimmed and ornamented with lilac.*

Nine Heads.—*A bonnet of blue satin, trimmed round the front with deep black lace, and ornamented with black feathers.—A bonnet of white satin, made open at top to admit the hair, and trimmed all round with chenelle trimming; two white feathers in front. A hat of brown velvet turned up in front, and lined with yellow; brown and yellow feathers in front. A cap of white velvet, spotted with gold, and with gold trimmings.—A bonnet of white satin and yellow crape, ornamented with a white flower and with yellow and white bows.——A cap of white muslin, trimmed with gold trimmings; three white ostrich feathers, fixed on the right side, to hang in front.—The hair dressed in the present fashion and banded with gold.——Round bonnet of velvet, and trimmed with steel beads, purple feather in front.—Turban of white satin, with a band of muslin round the front, fastened on the left side with a gold loop, gold flower in front.*

Observations.——*Long cloaks of white muslin have taken place of pelices, and Spanish cloaks of white muslin have also been introduced. Deep white veils are very general. Straw begins to be worn in a variety of forms, chiefly large, and of the Gypsey and Spanish shapes. Lace is universal, and is introduced into all parts of the dress. The hair is dressed as last month, in light loose curls. The prevailing colours are straw, lilac, green and blue.*

DIED,

At Mount-Vernon, the 22d inst. Mrs. MARTHA WASHINGTON, widow of the late illustrious General GEORGE WASHINGTON. To those amiable and christian virtues, which adorn the female character, she added dignity of manners, superiority of understanding, a mind intelligent and elevated. The silence of respectful grief is our best eulogy.
—WASH. FED.

Parnassian Garland.

OLD THOMAS,

THE MAN OF THE HILL.

Where the hoarse-screeching vulture his notes doth resound,
By the side of yon murm'ring rill,
Liv'd a man, who enamour'd of science pro-profound,
Left the town, where all vice and all riot is found,
And retir'd to yon dreary hill.

At midnight's dread hour his way he doth steer
Near the wood that leads by the sea coast,
At that horrible hour naught else could we hear,
From each honest rustic, all trembling with fear,
But a goblin! a devil! a ghost!

His aspect! his mansion! what race he hath run,
To describe far surpasses my skill,
But whene'er he appear'd, babes affrighted have clung
To their mothers, in hopes by that means for to shun,
Old Thomas, the Man of the Hill.

But invet'rate old age him full sorely hath tried,
And misfortunes, he bore them not ill—
He shook with the palsy! he shudd'red! he died!
And each feeling trav'ler in passing hath sigh'd—
"Poor Thomas, the Man of the Hill!"

SONNET TO SUPERSTITION.

Monster dark, of visions dread,
Born of guilt, of ign'rance bred;
Fearing God as fierce and fell,
Self-condemning fiend of hell:
Foe to truth, by error led,
Bigot rage to falshood wed:
Quit, O quit thy dreary cell,
View the light—with reason dwell.—
Works of knowledge learn to trace,
And to wisdom's simple grace,
Let ... ud prejudice give place.
In religion void of gloom,
Faith with charity doth bloom
Hope, on mercy, rests its doom.

DELIA.

The sportive swan, with graceful pride,
Her snow white plumage laves;
Or sailing down the chrystal tide,
Divides the silver waves;
The tide, that soft meand'ring flows,
Sweet to the bird must be:
But not so sweet (blythe cupid knows)
As Delia is to me!

A parent bird, in plaintive mood,
On yonder fruit tree sung;
And still the pendant nest she view'd
That held the callow young:
Dear to the mother's fluttering heart
The gentle brood must be:
But not so dear—the thousandth part—
As Delia is to me.

These roses round my temples twin'd,
I pluck'd in yonder dale;
Their damask sweets how soon declin'd!
Their vernal pride how pale!
So would my vital bloom be froze,
If luckless torn from thee;
For what the root is to the rose,
My Delia is to me.

Two doves I found, like new fall'n snow
So white the beautious pair;
The birds to Delia I'll bestow,
They're like her bosom fair:
And in their chaste connubial love,
My secret wish she'll see;
Such mutual bliss as turtles prove
May Delia share with me.

ELEGANT VERSES.

Hail, power divine! whose gentle reign
Extends o'er all this smiling plain,
Whose goodness blooms in every scene,
The garden's pride, the meadow's green,
Along the grove's entangled maze,
Or where the limpid stream with soothing murmur strays!

Where'er I turn my raptur'd eyes,
I trace the sov'reign of the skies;
Cloth'd in the lovliness of pow'r,
He bids the sons of men adore;
These scenes of beauty who surveys,
But feels his glowing heart o'erflow with love and praise?

O pow'r supreme! in sweet content
Here let my life in peace be spent,
These sweet endearing shades among,
Far distant from the city's throng;
And O my raptur'd breast inspire:
Then shall thy praise alone employ my grateful lyre.

But if life's blessings here to find
Thou hast forbid, in wisdom kind;
If I must join the careful train,
Who tug the oar of life with pain,
When age abates my youthful heat.
O grant my weary soul some peaceful kind retreat!

Some shade where men of worth reside,
Whose friendship is my joy and pride;
Where peace and conscious virtue dwell,
Charm'd by the muse's sacred shell:
There let me pass my quiet days,
Lov'd by my friends, and deaf to vulgar praise.

THE SOLDIER.

AN AMERICAN SENTAMENTALISM.

Say, soldier, whence this darling heat?
This heat to tread the sanguin'd heath?
Why ardent at the martial beat,
You still demand the road to death?

For well I know thy earlier hours,
Were spent in science calm retreat,
When, deck'd with fancy's gayest flow'rs,
The muses bore thee to their seat.

The tinsel'd bage, and gilded glare,
Which crouds affect and foplings prize,
Proud, empty titles, light as air,
Thy nobler genius must despise.

And well I know thy bosom heaves
With grief when carnage dies the plain:
That when thy sword a victim cleaves,
Thy soul is rent with keener pain.

Then soldier, trust a brother's breast,
Which pity moves, and friendship warms,
Say, why with frantic zeal impress'd,
You rashly rush on hostile arms?

The youth he blush'd, a heart wrung tear
Ran trickling on his downy cheek,
Forbear, indulgent chief forbear,
Nor urge a hapless youth to speak.

I once—heaven teach me to forget!
My Julia, maid of peerless charms!
She found! but honour claims his debt,
Away to conquest and to arms.

A ball whizz'd horrent thro' the air,
Deeply it pierced my soldier's breast,
He fell, he thrice invok'd his fair,
Thrice blest his stars, then sunk to rest.

Ill fated youth! my choicest tear,
Full oft thy sacred turf shall lave;
These hands with each uretrning year,
Shall scatter roses on thy grave.

And if the nymph whose cold disdain,
First forc'd thee to my camp to rove,
Perchance should tread this fatal plain,
And hear of thy disast'rous love,

Then shall, too late a wish arise,
Thy generous flame had been repaid;
Responsive to thy former sighs,
Her lays shall soothe thy injur'd shade.

STANZAS.

TO A LADY.

If you that wretche's fate bemoan,
Who doom'd by heaven forever glows
Beneath Arabia's burning zone,
Or freezes mid Norwegian snows,

How should you pity his distress,
Whose hapless lot more hard than theirs,
(Oh hear it, Charlotte, and redress)
Each sad extreme united shares.

Whilst you, insensible to love,
Unmov'd receive my fond desires,
Their different fates at once I prove,
Their coldness all....and all their fires.

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